

Aparna

Words do not flow, when the
heart
is full.

Jaising

Then lean your head on my
breast.
Let the silence of two
eternities, life
and death, touch each other.
But no
more of this. I must go*

Aparna

Jaising, do not be cruel.
Can you
not feel what I have
suffered ?

Jaising

Am I cruel ? Is this your
last word
to me ? Cruel, as that block of
stone,
whom I called Goddess ?
Aparna,
my beloved, if you were the
Goddess,
you would know what it is
this that
burns my heart. But you *are*
my
Goddess. Do you know how I
know
it*